SWIFTEST AND MOST STIRRING SEA SPRINT

United States Torpedo Boat Destroyers in Contest for Championship

New York.—It was a gruelling race when six 30-knot torpedo-boat destroyers recently made the 240-mile dash at sea from off this city to the mouth of the Chesapeake bay. The fighters for supremacy were sisters, built in the same year—long, low, olive-colored craft, four funnels raking aft, the power of 8,000 horses in each hull and 77 men working each. It was the swiftest and longest competition of war craft on any seas.

The fleet and their dimensions follow:

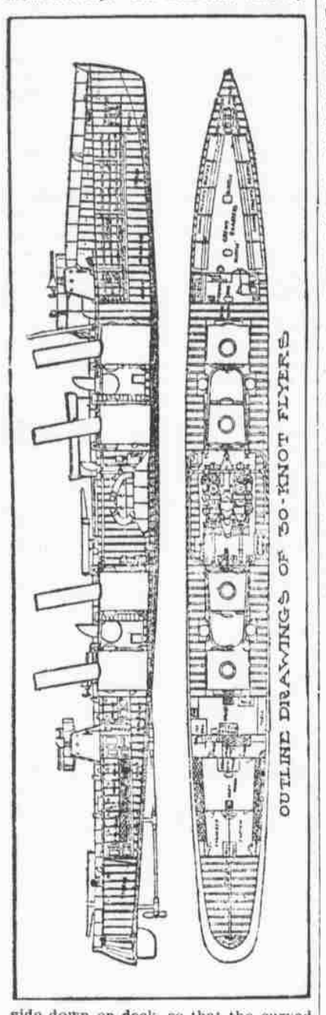
	Displacement.	Horse-power.	Speed, in knots.
Worden	423	8300	29.86
Whipple	433	8300	28.24
Truxton	433	8300	29.58
Hull	408	7200	28.04
Hopkins	408	7200	29.02
Stewart	420	8000	29.69

The race was to try out the scorpions of the navy under war-time conditions. It lasted a day and a night. A hitherto undefeated winner came to grief, and another craft, on which the bluejackets bet their money, nearly foundered. Two others also had mishaps.

Locked in a steel hull only a quarter of an inch thick while plunging through a rolling sea on a black night is "creepy" business.

Ready for the Fray

The stiletto-looking sextet steamed out to sea from New York in Indian file, stripped for the fray. The rapid-fire guns and torpedo tubes had been stowed below deck. The wide-mouthed ventilators were unscrewed and stowed away. The lifeboats were up-



side down on deck, so that the curved bottoms would suffer less resistance to the wind. The canvas coverings had been stripped from the bridges. All ports were closed to eliminate air friction. Everything movable was sent below. The navigators wore automobile goggles to keep the wind from cutting their eyes. The crew were stripped to the waist.

On the bridge of each craft stood the commanding officer, the navigator and the seaman at the wheel. Down in the engine rooms there was a post for every man. Now and then a puff of black smoke rolled out of a funnel or a safety valve popped forth an impatient scream of steam, telling of the suppressed eagerness to be off.

The line headed for the starting point, off the Scotland lightship. The wind was fresh, 20 miles an hour from the west-southwest, with a lumpy sea rolling off shore. As they neared the post the fleet closed in on one another, jockeying for position. All had records of about 35 miles. They cut across one another's stems with the swiftness of an arrow or curved in circles with the gracefulness of a swallow.

The line glided out past Sandy Hook and headed for the starting point off the Scotland lightship. The wind was fresh, 20 miles an hour, from the west-southwest, with a lumpy sea rolling off shore. As they neared the post the fleet closed in on one another in confusion in jockeying for position. They cut across one another's stems with the swiftness of an arrow or curved in circles with the gracefulness of a swallow. Now one would plunge ahead, to be halted in a swirl of hissing bubbles, as the twin screws churned the sea to check too much headway, or another would place herself at the head of the line and sullenly wait for the others to come up. Generally it is not good nautical manners to oust the flagship from her place at the head of the line, but the craft were hot for the contest and many, from stoker to shoulder straps, had wagers on the result. It was difficult to pick the favorite. All had made 28, 29, or 30 knots, which equals 35 miles an hour, or express train time, on their trial trips. Considering the deference due the flagship, many picked the Whipple as a winner, others thought much of the Worden, because her bottom had just been scraped and painted, to the non-resistance of greased steel, while all the others had more or less foul bottoms, not having been in dry dock for some time. The majority favored the Truxtun, for she had never been beaten in a contest and was supposed to have the best crew that ever stepped aboard a torpedo-boat destroyer. The bluejackets pinned their faith in the well known grit and never-give-up of the Hopkins, while the champions of the Stewart and Hull argued that these vessels could keep up as fast a clip as their sisters.

The flagship Whipple happened to be heading the fleet as the ships bore down on her. Off on her starboard, running nose and nose with the flagship, was the Truxtun, and to port was the Worden forging ahead. The Stewart, also off to port, was gathering headway and pulling into line. The Hopkins was tumbling the seas outward from each bow as she came up toward the line, and the Hull hung on the left flank.

The Race Begins

Lieutenant Commander Anderson was holding the starter's flag over the contestants until they got in a straight line abreast. At 8:20 a. m. the signal "Make the best of your way" was run up and the race was on.

Each prow pitched forward. The sterns squatted to the suction of the speed and the waves rolled up to a level with the deck aft and swept astern, as if eager to escape the gathering speed. The Whipple took the lead, hugging the shore. Next came the Worden, to port, with the Truxtun hanging on to her. It was at least 35 miles an hour from the start, and a gap opened between the trio in the lead, as the Hull, Hopkins and Stewart dropped back, making a second trio fighting it out among themselves.

After two hours the Worden had taken the lead, with the Truxtun second and the Whipple third. The second trio scattered astern. The spume flew in showers over bows and bridges and spluttered against the funnels. The sterns, built flat as a floor to counteract the powerful downward suction of the propellers, squatted low, while seas rolled up aft higher than the decks. It seemed that they would tumble in over the sterns and flood the decks, but the swift-moving craft were always just beyond reach as the chaldron flattened out and rushed away in white foam.

Men with big brass syringes stood beside the cans of oil and squirted it over the engines. The machinery churned the oil into yellow butter and then sprayed everything a golden hue. It stung the eyes of engineroom crews.

Worden Takes Lead

The Worden, going steadily and easily, gradually hauled away from the rest at about noon. Her clean bottom was in her favor. The champion Truxtun was beginning to lose her grip in the wake of the leader, whereat there were loud words and much perspiration down in the engineroom.

Four streams of smoke had been coming from the Truxtun, but suddenly the smoke ceased to belch from her two forward funnels. She slowed down to half speed. Something had gone wrong in the boiler room.

The Whipple, running third, was still hugging the shore to cut corners. The Worden was forging steadily ahead, her four columns of smoke merging into one as she appeared low and black on the horizon ahead.

To the rear and off to the left flank the Hull was riding into the seas and showering the spray over everything forward.

Then came the Stewart, hanging on to the Hull and then the Hopkins, all going like race horses, plunging and mingling steam and smoke, with the spume flying about them. The Hopkins was making desperate plunges to get away from the tail of the procession of flyers. She gradually crawled up to forward the Hull. The Hull was handicapped by being short-handed, but she, too, took on a spurt and overhauled the disabled Truxtun. She set a pace that kept the Hopkins straining every nerve to maintain every inch she had gained.

Pace Begins to Tell

Thus the long, narrow, olive green fighters were strung out from horizen to horizon. They flew past sailing vessels as if the schooners were at anchor. Crews and passengers on coastwise liners strung alongside the rails of steamers to watch the contest.

As the afternoon wore on, the killing pace began to tell. The officers, in goggles, felt the strain of keeping the vessel on the course and all hands keyed up to their best efforts. The helmsman at the wheel never lifted his eyes from the compass.

Down in the engineroom the flying oil still stung the men's eyes bloodshot; it ran down their arms and chests and out of the eyelets of their shoes. The stationary parts of the engine were inches deep with the butter-like substances that flew out. Now, the boiler rooms are airtight, so that the two forced-draught fans in a wall may suck in air that can escape only by going under the fire grates and up through the coals, and in these prisons were locked the half-naked stokers. They had shoveled tons of coal on the white-hot fires, so fierce that a shovelful of fuel turned red the instant it touched the coals and before the furnace door could be swung shut.

As the afternoon wore on and the sun got down on the horizon, the gleam of Cape Henry lighthouse, at the mouth of Chesapeake bay, showed clear ahead. The Worden was hull down and out of sight in the lead. The rest were strung out until the last craft was hull down astern. The stars began to shine, and night glasses showed a haze along the shore that might have been mistaken for breakers. Then the Truxtun, having repaired her boiler, jumped forward again, anxious to get back in the running.

Worden Reaches Goal

Inside Cape Henry, at Hampton roads, were ten battleships of Admiral Evans' fleet. This was the goal of the destroyers. It was near nightfall when a long streak of olive green came in by Cape Henry, slashing through toward the fleet of big fighters. Her sharp prow cut the waters with the hiss of a razor cleaving a sheet of paper as she swished along like an express train, still going so fast that the rush of wind she created whirled the four streams of smoke into one and flattened it out on the waters astern. It was the Worden, the winner, going easy and strong, 25 miles an hour, as she had from 8:20 o'clock in the morning until 7:30 in the evening.

The Hull, short-handed, came in second. No other vessel came in up to midnight.

In the morning hours of the second day in came the flagship Whipple, with the story of a disaster to the Hopkins, the undefeated. The unbeaten had nearly foundered in an effort to keep up.

During the night the Truxtun had fought her way down the coast with all the speed that was in her and had passed the Hopkins, the Whipple and the Stewart. The Hopkins had fought so gamely that the officers had become accustomed to the quiver of her frame. But even steel gives way sometimes. This time it was not in the engine, but in a totally unexpected quarter on the outside of the craft.

Projecting out from the underbody of the stern is a steel sleeve enveloping the propeller shaft. This shaft is held to the hull by an upright as thick as a man's arm. The vibration caused this shirt to break, and the steel bludgeon, swinging around and around with the shaft, tore a hole in the hull before the engines could be stopped.

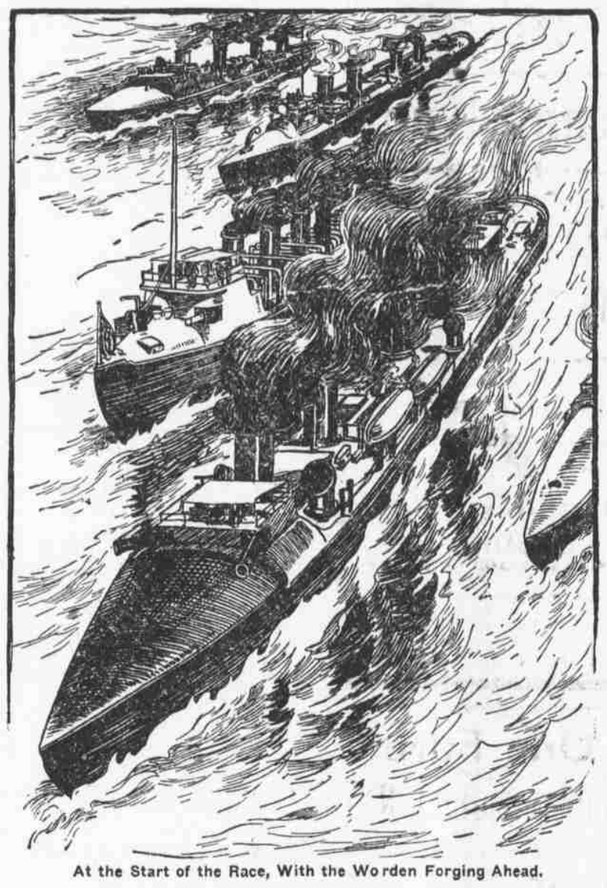
Barely Kept Afloat

Lieut. Howe gave the alarm, and the after watertight doors were closed, but not before the wardroom had been flooded. As the wide compartments near the center of the vessels filled, she sank until her decks were awash, and preparations were made to abandon ship. A distress rocket was sent up that was seen by the Whipple and the Stewart. They gave up the race for honors and went hard about to aid the Hopkins.

The Hopkins' lifeboats had been unlashed and swung out on the davits. All the steam and hand pumps were put to work. It was a question of whether the craft would live or founder. It was nip and tuck between the pumps and the onrushing waters.

The Whipple and Stewart closed in on the Hopkins. Then the Whipple's wireless operator called on Newport News for help. At daybreak the navy tugs Washneto and Hercules came out and lashed themselves alongside the cripple and towed her into Newport News, where no time was lost in getting the Hopkins into dry dock.

But all that is but a bit of the price of an efficient navy.



At the Start of the Race, With the Worden Forging Ahead.

VILLAGE IN ITSELF

COMPLETENESS OF RICH MAN'S COUNTRY HOME.

All the Necessities and Most of the Luxuries of Life Are Afforded Him Within His Own Domain.

In buying land for a city house the millionaire deals with square feet; but for a country mansion he purchases a tract of so many square miles. This extensive scale is carried through in all the arrangements. When the estate is ready for occupancy the owner finds himself lord of a beautiful acreage, contributing to his ever luxurious want—all from its own resources.

To plan a country house is almost like planning to build a village. The large estate is a very complete affair, indeed. Its center is the house, which must be large enough to not only properly accommodate the owner and his family, but it must contain suites of rooms for the numerous guests with which it will be filled for the week-ends and for longer periods. The stable and the carriage-house are, in their way, quite as necessary as the dwelling. Many a great stable vies with the residence in size and elegance of equipment. If the estate is a large one, covering many acres, there is a farmhouse for the farmer, a farmbarn and outbuildings in which each particular industry of the farm will have its own headquarters. If the owner is addicted to polo, there is a third and complete stable for the ponies. There is a chicken-house for the chickens and other fowls, and, if this feature is sufficiently developed, a special residence for the person having this matter in charge. Dogs, if kept in ample variety, will have well appointed kenneis and a caretaker's house in close proximity. There is a dairy, with perhaps a springhouse and cooling room for the milk, and tiled-lined rooms in which the butter will be made. The market garden has its array of hot-beds, and the conservatories in which rare plants are raised for the decoration of the house are as extensive as those in which plants are propagated for the outdoor gardens. Nor should the automobile house be overlooked, since this popular vehicle competes with the horse in meeting the needs of the house transportation; and, as likely as not a repair shop forms a necessary adjunct to it.

Buildings that minister to the physical necessities of the estate are also numerous. Every sequestrated estate—and almost all country estates are sequestrated, since that is an item of value in living in the country—requires its own water supply. It is needless to say that it is often a most expensive feature, calling not only for steam pumps and elaborate piping, but for special reservoirs which in their developed form will be lined with enameled brick.—Broadway Magazine.

To Balance.

For more than a week the teacher had been giving lessons on the dog, and so when the inspector came down and chose that very subject there seemed every prospect of the class distinguishing itself on brilliant essays about our canine friend. Things were progressing quite satisfactorily, and the master was congratulating himself on the trouble he had taken, when, alas! a question was asked which made him tremble for the reputation of his scholars.

"Why does a dog hang his tongue out of his mouth?" asked the inspector.

"Yes, my boy?" he said, to a bright looking lad who held up his hand, while the light of genius was in his eye.

"Please, sir," cried the pupil, "it's to balance his tail!"

And the teacher groaned in anguish.

Peculiarity of Hair.

A woman leading two children stepped into a barber shop with her charges.

"I want their hair trimmed," she said, "but not all the way round. I only want it trimmed off even. It is just the right length on the right side, but too long on the left side. I had their hair trimmed only a little while ago, and here it is noticeably longer on the left side. I don't believe it was trimmed evenly in the first place."

"Oh, yes, it was," the barber assured her. "It grows faster on the left side, that is all. Most people's hair does grow faster on that side, but it is on children's heads that we are most likely to notice it."

Survivors of Seminole War.

The Seminole war was put down 70 years ago. At Watrous, N. M., there is a venerable and worthy patriarch named Madison Horn, whose neighbors boast that he is the sole survivor of the Florida war. He is 88 and as spry as a cricket. At West Palm Beach, Fla., there is a certain Judge Andrew Jackson Lewis—born in South Carolina, by the way—who bears honorable scars as the result of wounds received while he was fighting as a private in the ranks of a South Carolina regiment against the Seminoles. Judge Lewis is 89, and although he fought four years in the confederate army he looks strong and active enough to shoulder his gun again and keep step to the drum's tap.

Hen Changes Color of Feathers.

Prof. William P. Ellis, of Buckingham county, Pennsylvania, is the possessor of a game hen which annually changes her feathers to suit the varying seasons. Early in the spring the hen begins to show a few white feathers, which continue to get more and more numerous until the first warm days of May, when she regularly turns out in a suit of pure white.

This white dress she wears proudly until the first days of early fall, when a few black feathers begin to appear. The black feathers increase as the days follow each other and usually by Thanksgiving she has resumed her shining coat of black.

KILL TO PLEASE SWEETHEART.

One Way for an Abyssinian Youth to Win a Bride.

"In Abyssinia the natives will kill white men in order to please their sweethearts," declared Frank Mowrer, formerly consul general to Addis Abeba, and just appointed consul at Leghorn.

"It is never dangerous for a white man to travel in Abyssinia provided he is accompanied by a native escort, because those who compose such an escort are always trustworthy, but a man takes his life in his hands if he goes abroad alone. Not that the natives are ferocious, but that he could not be sure that one of them had not made a pact with his sweetheart to kill a man of white skin in order to win her for his bride. The native who wins such a distinction wears a white feather in the back of his hair.

"Among all the 4,000,000 of population and in the entire area equal to New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia and New England, there are but two white women in Abyssinia. They are the wives of two consular officials. Strange to say, the national game is hockey, but Caucasians cannot play it very much because of the climate. The natives work but little and eat raw meat. They kill an elk, peel off the skin as you would peel a banana, drain off the blood and proceed with the feast. Every Abyssinian is a good butcher.

"To the lover of nature Abyssinia is a paradise. In my journey through the land I saw thousands upon thousands of different species of birds that were beautiful in their plumage and sweet in their songs. Occasionally I heard the faraway roar of lions, those mighty beasts that promenade the forests and seldom molest human beings unless they are attacked. The Abyssinians never use a light at night, no matter where they are, and sit in the dark and converse. Therefore they have good eyes. And they have wonderfully white teeth, made so by cleaning them with the spreaded ends of a small stick."

How a Hero Died.

Victor Hugo tells this story of heroism in the recently published book of his literary remains, "Victor Hugo's Intellectual Autobiography:" "Anatole Leray set out for Brussels, passed through England and then embarked for Australia. The day the steamer arrived in sight of land a storm arose. The vessel capsized. The passengers and crew nearly all succeeded in reaching land by means of the lifeboats or by swimming. Anatole Leray was among the saved. Meanwhile in the tumult of shipwreck, when the pell-mell of the frightened wretches rivals the chaos of the waves and each thinks only of himself, a half-wrecked boat had remained in the surge and was appearing and disappearing in the waves; three women clung to it despairingly.

"The sea was at the height of its fury; no swimmer, even among the hardiest of the sailors, dared to risk himself. They kept their eyes fixed on their dripping garments. Anatole Leray flung himself into the surf. He struggled hard, and had the satisfaction of bringing one of the women to shore. He dashed in a second time and rescued another.

"He was worn out with fatigue, torn, bloody. They cried out to him, 'Enough, enough!' 'What?' said he. 'There is still another.' And he flung himself a third time into the sea. He never reappeared."

Absent-Minded Composer.

The French composer Meilhac on the occasion of the first presentation of one of his operas entered a fashionable restaurant and threw himself down at a table, thinking earnestly about the event of the evening. A waiter brought him a menu.

Meilhac abstractedly indicated the first dish on the bill that his eyes had struck. It chanced that this was the most elaborate and costly dish on the bill, and when the waiter went to the kitchen with the order there was great commotion there. The proprietor was summoned, and he and the chef devoted themselves to the preparation of the famous dish. Meanwhile, Meilhac waited, absorbed. At last the dish was brought with a great flourish, and the proprietor, with a proud smile, waited to observe the result. Meilhac regarded the dish with an expression of melancholy interest.

"Did I order that?" he asked.

"Certain, Monsieur Meilhac."

"Do you like it?"

"Yes—yes, Monsieur, but—"

"Then kindly take it away and eat it yourself," ordered Meilhac, "and bring me two fried eggs."—The Bellman.

Marching Geese.

Norfolk geese were driven up to London in thousands without losing condition. It paid better before the days of railways to let the geese transport themselves. The largest drove mentioned was one of 9,000, which went from Suffolk, through Chelmsford and on to London. They took their journey easily, marching ten miles a day. The ordinary day's march of the German army is 13 miles—only three miles better than the geese. When Lord Oxford bet the marquis of Queensberry that a drove of Suffolk geese would beat an equal number of turkeys in a walk to London the geese won by 48 hours.

A Near-Professional.

The Ingenue—So our sterling young leading man, Mr. Hogstage, is going to wed a non-professional, eh?

The Comedian—Not exactly. I hear that the prominent young society woman, who will soon bear his name, has been divorced twice, lost her jewels more than once, been reported engaged to four different titles, owns a French bulldog, has written a tooth powder testimonial, and is devoted to a simple home life and her books!—Puck.

The Reason.

"I suppose," said the dress suit, enviously, to the hat, "that you are smarter than the rest of us clothes, because you are so constantly associated with our master's head."

"Yes," replied the hat, "and, of course, he gives me a good many tips."

TEMPERANCE NOTES

YOUTHFUL SMOKERS.

Cigarette Trade of the Country Is Booming.

If the general prosperity of the country were indicated by the constantly increasing consumption of tobacco in the form of cigarettes, then business prospects were never more favorable than at present. There can be no denial of the fact that the cigarette trade is booming. Nearly every little man of 15, with a brain big enough to dream of the day when visible down shall decorate his upper lip, delights in swaggering along the streets with a cigarette in his mouth. How manly the conceited little fellow thinks he is, and how his eyes sparkle with delight at the wondrous feat of ejecting smoke in long lines from his proud nostrils!

The dividing line between boyhood and manhood is surely indicated by the cigarette, says the New York Weekly. In other words, the ambitious lad who can gracefully burn a cigarette, and convert his nostrils into inverted smoke-stacks, should no longer be classed as a boy. No—he is a full-fledged man, or thinks he is, because he possesses the ability to puff away the breath of life in smoke.

This was probably the impression of a lad in Brooklyn, aged 15, who recently died from nicotine poisoning, caused by smoking cigarettes. Every boy who is addicted to the same enervating practice, and fails to take warning from the fate of the youthful smoker to whom we have referred, is not likely to become a very clever or a very strong man. If smoking does not shrink his lungs and frame, and convert him into a sickly ghost before he is 25, he may live long enough to learn that during the years when sensible boys endeavor to become clever and bright, rugged, and strong, and otherwise prepare themselves for the battle of life, he was nothing but a conceited little fool, and ruined his health and dwarfed his intellect by indulging in the senseless habit of smoking cigarettes.

ALCOHOL VS. COFFEE.

Use of the Former as a Beverage Is Harmful.

The habitual use of sedatives—such as alcohol, opium, morphia, chloral, cocaine and their allies—is to be condemned without qualification as false in principle and fatal in result. It is true that these drugs will one and all relieve worry, banish care and procure peace of mind, but it is as true that the worry, the care and the dispeace will return, bringing seven devils with them.

Let us turn now from the sedatives to the stimulents. Must caffeine, as represented by tea and coffee, fall under a like condemnation?

The sedatives we have condemned because they do nothing for the life of the body, but are opposed to it, says Dr. C. W. Saleeby. The stimulant, caffeine, on the other hand, favors the life of the body, promotes the process of combustion on which life depends, increases vitality and that power to work which is the expression of vitality.

Everywhere men find that a cup of tea or coffee is refreshing; it produces renewed vigor, it heightens the sense of organic well-being, the consciousness of fitness and capacity. This is utterly distinct from the action of alcohol or opium in deadening the sense of ill-being.

Tea and coffee have had many hard words said of them. The trouble is that people will not distinguish. Tea, for instance, as commonly understood in this country, is more nearly a decoction than an infusion of the tea leaf, and contains besides the theine or caffeine a very large proportion of tannin or tanic acid.

Drink the Cause of It.

Dr. Wilhite, superintendent of the asylum at Dunning, Ill., told a woman's club that of the 1,000 insane patients, 600 men and 400 women, alcohol was the cause of insanity in the cases of 10½ per cent. of the men and five per cent. of the women. Of 1,000 pauper cases, 800 men and 200 women, 95 per cent. of the men and 59 per cent. of the women have an "alcoholic history," and 44 per cent. and 22 per cent. of the men and women, respectively, of this class drink to excess. Of 1,000 tuberculosis patients, 800 men and 200 women, 94 per cent. and 23 per cent., respectively, have an "alcoholic history."

Must Not Drink.

The Lehigh Valley railroad has served notice on its employes that they must be total abstainers from alcoholic drinks or leave the service of the company, and it is quite likely that all of the other lines in the United States will adopt the same rule. It is only cumulative evidence that there are enough sober men in the world to do the world's work. The conviction is gaining weight everywhere that the temperance question is not simply moral, but economic, and corporations are now one with the churches in the effort to suppress this great national vice.

Hard Job.

Sir John Franklin was searching for the northwest passage.

"I find it almost as difficult a task," he observed, wearily, "as if I were engineering that boulevard across the Chicago river."

Partially satisfying the cravings of his appetite by eating a tallow candle, he looked anxiously to the southeast to see if any relief expedition was coming.—Chicago Tribune.

Clever Chap.

There is a hairdresser in a suburban district who has hit on a new idea. He tells his customers such horrible stories that it makes their hair stand on end. It is so much easier for him to cut it then, he says.—Royal Magazine.

GEN. BONAPARTE AT JAFFA.

His Orders Regarding the Plague-Stricken Soldiers.

Prof. Forgue of Montpellier in a recent lecture on the respect that practitioners should have for human life told the story of Desgenettes, which, though well known, is worth telling again as it is told by Desgenettes himself

When the French were about to evacuate Jaffa the question arose what was to be done with the plague-stricken soldiers in the hospital. Desgenettes says: "Shortly before the raising of the siege—that is to say, on the 27th—Gen. Bonaparte sent for me very early in the morning to his tent, where he was alone with his chief of the staff. After a short preamble as to our sanitary condition, he said to me, 'If I were you I should end at once the sufferings of those stricken with plague and I should end the dangers which they threaten us by giving them opium.'

"I answered simply, 'My duty is to preserve life.' Then the general developed his idea with the greatest coolness, saying that he was advising for others what in like circumstances he would ask for himself.

"He pointed out to me that he was, before anyone else, charged with the conservation of the army, and consequently it was his duty to prevent our abandoned sick from falling alive under the scimiters of the Turks. 'I do not seek,' he went on, 'to overcome your repugnance, but I believe I shall find some who will better appreciate my intentions.'" Desgenettes goes on to say that opium was, as a matter of fact, given to some 30 patients.

It happened, however, that a certain number rejected it by vomiting, were relieved, got well and told what happened. The story has been told in various ways, and the fact of the poisoning of the sick soldiers has been accepted by the enemies of Napoleon and denied by the defenders of his memory. Desgenettes' narrative bears the stamp of truth.

It takes a long education to deprive some people of their common sense.

STORIES OF TAME FOXES.

One Made Playmate of a Bulldog—Another Refuses to Be Lost.

A friend of mine in the Midlands, a young doctor with natural history proclivities, has two young foxes in a roomy pen in his stable yard, says a writer in the London Pall Mall Gazette. They were taken from the earth in a private wood, within reach of which there is no hunt. One of the pair managed to get out of bounds lately, and becoming bewildered by the traffic in the main street of the busy little market town it ran hither and thither, a terror to some and the butt of others, who tried their best to kill the poor beast. The fox, however, got the better of all its pursuers and ran off into what is locally termed "the upper country" beyond, so that all trace of it was lost until the groom who had been attached to the little beast had the happy inspiration to take out the bull terrier in search of its playmate.

Bully led in the direction of a park four miles away, and within its gates the terrier quickened his pace, and barking loudly was soon descried by the fox, who ran up to his friend with great show of delight. He seemed glad to get back to the safe shelter of his pen in the stable yard, but whereas the poor beast had up to the time of his outing been confiding and familiar in its ways, his experiences of "the man in the street" have made him timid and shy now.

Mr. Jones, who was head gamekeeper of the late Lord Lilford for nearly 50 years, told me of a tame fox that he kept chained to a tree close to his house. It seemed well contented there, but as Lord Lilford thought it ought to have its freedom, it was taken in a bag to a wood and turned out there. The poor beast tried to follow the keeper home again, and it was with difficulty got rid of, only to be taken by a stranger and killed soon after.

You never will develop good in any so long as you see no good in them